

A Cat and His Boy by Introvertia

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Summary:

Something light and fun just under the wire for Halloween. Some sex and flangst with a happy ending.

A Cat and His Boy

Author's Note:

Please enjoy!

Part 1

The Witch of Hawkins

Marissa could feel her thumbs pricking with magic, she'd promised herself that she wouldn't 'practice' any more. She'd told herself that there was too much activity within the electric magnetic fields of Hawkins, it was one of the reasons she'd moved there. The place was clearly on top of lay lines, there had to be *gateways* all around, she hadn't opened any and had no intentions of doing so. She was more interested in studying magic than its practical applications, she thought of herself (with no small amount of pride) as a Scholar of Magic, not some silly witch, casting spells to make life easier while at the same time putting herself and her sisters (and some brothers) at risk of exposure. Had they learned nothing from the trials? Most of her kin would barely utter the word *Salem* aloud, and last trial that had taken place only 67 years ago had been less than a thousand miles from where she was standing!

"Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it." Marissa grumbled under her breath, she was thinking on her people, her fellow witches, but there was something about Hawkins that seemed to feed her powers, to amplify them and expand them, making her literal whisper carry the force of a psychic scream.

Billy watched the librarian as she snapped open and shut the books checking their dates and muttering under her breath. The dozen books were an array of science, mechanics, mysteries, romance, science fiction and poetry, as well as a couple novels. He'd been sent to return them on behalf of Max and Susan. He'd thought about just

leaving them in the bin, but wanted to check out a few more books and he was already at his limit.

“Ten of these are late.” The Librarian glared at Billy through her glasses. He leaned on the counter and gave his best innocent expression.

“Hey, I’m really sorry about that. You know,” Billy glanced at her name plate on the desk and winked at her, “Marissa, I’m returning these for my family and well, you know how it goes.”

“Enlighten me,” Marissa responded testily.

“Everyone’s busy and things just slip their minds,” Billy shrugged, “I’m just the delivery boy.” Billy could see she wasn’t taking the bait, she seemed the opposite of charmed.

“I mean if there’s got to be a fine, maybe you can write me out an invoice or something? I’ll make sure they pay it.” He shot her his best good-citizen-grin.

“There’s no fine.” Marissa picked up the stack and put them on a cart behind her. She felt the energy in the room shift and looked up to see Hopper walk in the library, his large frame towering over the Byers kid, the little one that had that odd aura, one of trauma and darkness, it made her shiver but she smiled at Will regardless, it wasn’t his fault, she understood that much.

“Thank you, I appreciate that and I’ll be sure to remind them to return their books on time, it’s only fair to the community.” Billy glanced over his shoulder to see who she was looking at. Chief Hopper and one of the nerds were walking in, Mrs Byers appeared from behind Hopper. Billy turned his attention back to the desk and put the five books he wanted to check out on the counter. He looked at Marissa again, his dark eyes had become glossy, her small mouth tight. Billy glanced at the chief of police and started connecting the dots, they must have been an item at some point. *Ugh, small towns, pathetic*, Billy thought.

“I’d like to check these out.” Billy said after clearing his throat. He didn’t want to be there any longer, he was getting a weird stomach

cramp.

“Would you? Is there anything else you want?” Marissa asked peevishly, as she went through the process of checking the books out.

“No. Thank you.” Billy couldn’t help but look at her like she was crazy, she was acting as if he’d asked her for a stack of money and to borrow a few beat up books.

Marissa knew she shouldn’t take out her anger and frustrations on others, there was never a good reason to be a jerk to someone that randomly crossed your path. Even if it’s some egocentric cocky teenage boy, but; seeing her ex-lover simply tipped her over the edge from being irritable to furious. She’d *always* had a temper, and as much as she tried to meditate, do yoga, eat well, sleep and do regular ceremonies under the moon, sometimes it just got away from her, ever since she’d moved to Hawkins.

“What is it with men like you, just because you’re good looking you think you can smile and charm your way out of everything, shrug and grin like a dumb puppet and it makes everything okay? Well it’s not!”

“Lady, I don’t know what you’re talking about, but I think you need a shrink.” Billy stepped back leaving the books on the counter. His stomach was knotted. He’d thought she was cute in a bookish way before, but something about the shift in the light as the sun had gone low gave her eyes an eerie preternatural copper hue. He stepped backwards looking at her.

“I think you need to scat!”

Billy watched in disbelief as she looked him in the eyes and hissed like a feral cat. He stood still, his brows raised and shook his head.

“Sure, whatever you say, nut job.” Billy muttered as he turned around and went out of the library. The hairs on the back of his neck were buzzing.

“Hi, Marissa.” A sweet soft voice full of warmth came from Marissa’s left, she looked over and was greeted with a gentle smile and the lovely dark eyes of Joyce Byers.

“Are you feeling alright?”

“Who me, oh yes I’m fine. You know the strangest thing, I just felt, um, odd, you know?”

“Do you need anything, some Tylenol?” Joyce looked into her purse, she was digging around for a remedy. Marissa couldn’t help but smile, there was something magical about Joyce and Will, maybe not enough to ever truly exhibit signs of being true witches, but something deep in their genes, something ancient, and drawing.

“Well, I hope you can go home soon, I just wanted to check these out.” Joyce set a pair of books on the counter, “Billy Hargrove, he’s a troubled boy.” Joyce said softly looking over her shoulder, where Billy had just rushed out.

“You have a kind way of looking at the world, Joyce.” Marissa replied.

“Have you met his father? He reminds me of Lonnie, of course you’ve never met him, my ex.” Joyce rolled her eyes, “That was a mistake, but at least I got my boys. That makes up for everything.”

Marissa nodded, not sure what to say and handed Joyce the books.

“Thank you. I hope you’re feeling better soon.” Joyce gently touched Marissa’s hand and walked away from the counter heading off in the direction she’d left Jim and Will.

Marissa, ran her hand over her face, she was dizzy, it was this place,

it was Hawkins, she'd never been the jealous type, and she'd known that nothing would come of her brief affair with Jim. Nothing substantial, it had been mostly carnal, she'd never been in love with Jim! She adjusted her glasses and took a deep cleansing breath. Her mind cleared. She managed a small embarrassed laugh, remembering she'd hissed at that foolish boy from California.

"Oh no, oh no, no. no." She grabbed her jacket off the back of her chair and walked swiftly around the desk and headed towards the front doors, she had to stop Billy Hargrove, she had to remove the hex!

Part 2

Scat!

Billy stepped out into the dusky light, there was a cold wind whipping up around him, but he was sweating heavily, he could feel it running down the back of his neck, his armpits felt swampy. He shrugged off his jacket, and walked quickly to his car, his nose was tickling strangely. Billy unlocked the door and threw his jacket in the passenger seat, he was too hot and his fingertips felt itchy. Billy looked around as if someone might be standing there with answers, of course there was no one. A few kids were riding their bikes across the parking lot, none of the Nerds that Max liked to hang around with.

Billy couldn't believe how hot he was, he tugged off his button shirt, and then shucked off his thermal top underneath that, still he was baking! He sat down on the edge of the driver's seat, somewhere in the back of his mind, he knew something was very wrong. He thought if he had a friend, he'd want to tell them all about how weird he was feeling, if there was someone he could trust - of course

Tommy would listen to anything Billy had to say, but he'd never trust Tommy with anything important, and definitely not weird! Tommy was so normal it was freaky, he could never tell Tommy about feeling, how he felt, although he wasn't even sure what words he'd use to describe it, other than sweaty, and spacey, it was like he'd rested his hands on train tracks and there was a train coming fast, his whole body was telegraphing vibrations... it was like that... sort of, and like he'd had a million cups of coffee and big bottle of booze. Billy heard a low chuckle and glanced around, his eyes feeling like saucers in his head, then he realized he was the one that had laughed, but it sounded far away, and yet too close.

"What the hell is wrong with me?" Billy asked the air.

He pulled off one boot and then the other, and then peeled his socks off of his clammy feet. He felt as though he'd swallowed the sun! His stomach was burning!

"I'm gonna get arrested." Billy babbled to himself and kicked off his jeans, he slid out of his boxers. His neck itched, he pulled off his necklace and hung it on the rearview mirror, his vision was blurry. His ears felt prickly and were ringing, he reached up and pulled off his earring, he couldn't stand anything on his skin.

"What the hell..." He stood up deliriously and then quickly got down on all fours.

In a flash he was sprinting, the world grew and grew before him, the concrete curb became nearly as high as his chin, he leapt over it and stepped on crimson crinkling leaves the size of pizza boxes, the grass that was partially dead from the fall chill was so tall it nearly tickled his nose. He roamed across the giant lawn before the library, and looked down at his bare feet, they were only a little cold, and his toes felt both tough and tender on the uneven stalks of coarse grass and wild weeds. He considered all four of his feet for what felt like a lifetime, he never realized he'd had four feet before, and he twitched his tail at that, and then wondered why he'd never contemplated his tail

before.

Had Billy been able to speak he would have said something along the lines of, '*oh-shit*', but he couldn't. Instead he exclaimed, "Meow?!"

Part 3

Troy

Billy turned in a circle and spotted his Camaro, the door was open, his clothes were in the passenger seat, his boots and the keys were sitting on the driver's seat. He had to get back to the car, '*What if someone steals my car?*', Billy fretted, and then took a few bounds towards his baby, he discovered that he was pretty good at leaping, it was a bit fun. Billy leapt a couple times testing the distance. That's when he spotted something hurtling towards him, it was kid on a bike, and this kid was enormous and fast, Billy darted to the side, he nearly ran to the Camaro when he saw *her*, the librarian was looking inside of his car, she was plucking at the cuff of his jacket, he was sure she'd come to finish him off! It had to have been her that did this to him. Billy felt a wave of air just puff passed his head, he instinctively ducked and looked around his eyes sharpened and expanded, he'd been distracted by the Librarian and the kid on the bike had just tried to kick him!

"MRRRRROWWWW!" Billy growled and darted under the shrubs, he needed the cover. He looked at the Camaro, the librarian hadn't seen his brief confrontation with the demon child on a BMX, she'd found his keys and had locked up his car, he heard them drop into her skirt pocket. She was scanning around, no doubt looking for him.

"HISSSSS!" Was the sound Billy made, but he was thinking something entirely different. He stalked along underneath the shrub, moving lightly under branches and over roots, he could see her pacing a bit in the parking lot, she was searching. He didn't know if he was stuck like this forever, or if maybe it would wear off. Either way, he had to keep his eye on her, she'd done this to him. He watched her go back

into the library and started to try and pick a spot to hide and wait for her. He didn't know what else to do. Billy was so focused on the Librarian that he hadn't realized he was being stalked too.

"GOTCHA-GARFIELD!"

Billy felt a bolt of electricity go rocketing up his spine, he yowled in pain. Twisting and screaming he was suspended upside-down and dragged through the brambly brush up through the air! Billy flailed for purchase, his back felt stretched out so far it would break. His bright white and orange forelimbs flashed before him, he saw red corduroy go by in a blur, he couldn't help but think, *'Holy shit, this is it, this is how I die, as a cat being tortured by some dumb fucking hick and no one will know what happened to me and no one will give a damn!'*

"MRRROWWW!" Fuck that, Billy thought, he curled up and wrapped his limbs around a skinny arm, his back legs kicking and clawing wildly, he got a mouth full of cloth but bit down as hard as he could anyways. Suddenly he was being swung wildly back and forth, he felt like he was hanging onto a wild wind whipped palm tree in a hurricane, he could hear a string of curses being uttered and then *wham*, he hit the ground winded and dizzy.

Part 4

Steve

Steve was on his way home from the video rental place. He was glad it was Friday night and at the same time feeling a little blue about it too. He'd been about to ask Nancy and Jonathan what they were up to tonight at lunch, when Nancy had mentioned that Jonathan had bought them tickets to a drive-in over in Carterville they were showing *Giant*, some old movie that Nancy loved. Steve hadn't remembered knowing about it, maybe at some point she'd mentioned James Dean, but it was clear that Jonathan knew she loved that movie. Steve could handle being the ex-boyfriend, but feeling like the *lesser boyfriend* was, well, 'bullshit', as Nancy would say.

Steve decided the best thing to distract him from romance was horror and rented *The Hunger*, *Jaws*, and *Something Wicked this Way Comes*. He was trying to decide what order to watch them in as he drove home when he noticed a kid flailing around with a fluffy orange blur attached to his arm, for a second Steve thought it was Dustin, then he recognized Troy a kid a grade above Dustin and the others, he also realized that orange blur was a very angry cat.

“Hey! What the hell are you doing?”

“What’s it to you?!” Troy was too busy trying to peel Billy the cat off his arm to be bothered with some teenage douchebag. Troy grabbed the tangerine hellcat by the scruff of its neck in attempt to twist it off of his arm, it growled and dug its claws deeper.

“Hey, stop it you’re going to break its neck!” Steve had pulled over, he was already nearly in arms reach of Troy and the furious fluff ball when he came up with a plan. He pulled off his jacket and wrapped it around the cat.

“GET IF OFF ME!” Troy whined. Steve could see blood coming to through the kid’s sweater.

“Hold still.” Steve calmly unhooked the cat’s limbs, it was clearly getting too tired to fight much longer, but also a dangerous and pissed off tomcat.

“You’re okay, you’re alright, calm down killer.” Steve swaddled the growling cat speaking to it kindly as it hissed and writhed.

“I’m gonna wring its neck!” Troy said furiously, hot tears were sliding down his pale cheeks.

“Jesus kid, just go home. You’re not touching this cat.” Steve squeezed the cat to his chest and turned away.

“You’re an asshole!” Troy yelled after Steve.

“Yeah, yeah, yeah. Go home and play with your Atari or something.” Steve got in the driver’s seat, he peered down at his little bundle of

fury.

“We’re going for a ride, so don’t freak out, I’m closing the door,” Steve spoke quietly and shut his the driver’s door, “Okay, now I’m starting the engine.”

Billy blinked watching Steve narrate his every move. He never figured Harrington would be the type to talk to animals. Billy shifted a little to see if he cold leap out of Steve’s window, but he was pretty squished in Steve’s arms. It was oddly soothing. Billy sighed and held still.

“You’re feeling better? A little calmer? What a little shit, man that kid’s fucked up in the head, you know that? You’re safe now though.”

Steve drove slowly keeping the cat close to his chest, it had stopped struggling and was just breathing steadily, its eyes darting a bit, but still it seemed less frantic, Steve hoped it would be okay.

“I hope you’re not lost, you smell clean.” Steve touched the tip of his nose to Billy’s little cat head at the stop light, and much to Billy’s surprise even planted a light kiss.

“I’ll keep you safe, and if you’re lost, I’ll get you home. I promise.”

Billy gazed up at Steve’s chin, he couldn’t really see his face from the vantage point of his lap.

Part 5

Killer

Steve went up the stairs, he really liked this cat, he kind of hoped it didn’t belong to anyone. He couldn’t believe how calm it was. He still

had it swaddled in his jacket, he'd left the VHS tapes in his car, he didn't want to risk dropping the cat if he tried to carry it and the tapes, and if he dropped the tapes, he figured the noise might freak out the cat.

"Man, you're pretty solid, like all muscle. Pure tomcat! Let's go in here." Steve walked into his room and shut the door. He carefully set the bundled cat, jacket and all on his bed.

"There you go." He slowly unwrapped the cat.

Billy watched Steve's big dark eyes, and took in his goofy crooked smile, it was kind of nice, not that he'd ever tell him that. '*Harrington, you idiot it's me.*', Billy attempted to say, but all he got out was, "*Mrrrowowmrrrowww.*"

"Yep, this is my room. Feel free to look around, no dogs in this joint, or psychopathic kids either. I think it's pretty comfortable." Steve sat on the bed and laid on his side watching Billy the cat emerge from the jacket, his long tail twisting in the air, his pale whiskers twitching.

"Whoa, those are some blue eyes you got there." Steve reached over and gently pet Billy's little cat head.

Steve's palm was enormous, Billy wasn't sure but he thought he might be flattening his ears, Steve's large hand stroked down his back, it was a warm and gentle touch. Billy kind of liked it, he rested his eyes letting Steve continue to pet him.

"You know who has big blue eyes like yours?" Steve stroked the cat from head to tail and sighed.

"Billy Hargrove."

"Meow?" Billy looked at Steve a bit startled, then he calmed down, obviously Steve didn't know it was him.

"Yep, Billy. He hates me. I wish he didn't."

"Meow-ow, whirrr-ow." , '*don't be so dramatic, Hamlet, I don't hate you, I just, I just ugh...*' Billy wanted to shake Steve, but of course if he

was still himself they'd never have this conversation. "Mouwrrrrp!"

"Hey, you're chatty, a chatty kind of kitty? You like talking?" Steve laid on his back and picked up Billy under his armpits, for a second Billy was getting mad, but it felt kind of good to roll his kitty shoulders and stretch out his aching feline spine.

"Billy likes talking too. He's a real motormouth sometimes, especially if he's showing off." Steve lowered Billy onto his chest and stroked his head.

Billy reached up and put his hand, well, his forepaw, on Steve's mouth, *'Jesus, shut up, I'm a cat not a five year old, you ass, do you know how condescending you sound, you're talking too much, and maybe I talk a lot to see if you're listening, doofus.'*

"Mrrowww, oww, mrrrr, arrarrarmrrow."

"You got a lot on your mind." Steve nodded, "I know the feeling. You're not wearing a collar, does that mean you're homeless? Did you runaway? You can stay here if you want. But don't worry, I'll get a Polaroid shot of you, make some fliers, just in case someone is missing you." Steve sighed.

"I think I'm going to call you Billy, you look like him, a little bit. I mean, in the right light..." Steve giggled a bit, petting the cat's forehead till it's eyes rolled back, but it didn't seem to mind. It had curled into a solid little loaf on his chest.

"I've never had a pet..." Steve rambled, "I guess we'll figure out a sand box and food later tonight. If you gotta go just don't pee on my shoes."

Billy squinted at Steve, looked at all his moles and freckles, his big floppy head of hair.

"Let me tell you all about your namesake... he's umm... well, let's see what have we covered, he's got blue eyes like you, he hates me, unlike you, he beat my face in once... but that was almost a year ago now... and we don't fight or anything, we don't even really talk... I want to talk to him. I just don't know what to say. He's strong, like

you, and handsome too, like you, but not a cat, he's a people."

"Meow." 'Go on,' Billy attempted to encourage Steve, he was intrigued, and confused... and felt kind of good, he thought Steve hated *him*, but this didn't sound like hate, not at all.

"So yeah, he's a tough sonofabitch and I like him..."

"Meow?"

"Maybe it's more than like, I don't know... sometimes I think about him, you know what I mean?" Steve sighed and scratched Billy behind his ears.

"Mrrrowow?"

"You know, like think, about him, when I'm, alone." Steve gestured at the air, "I guess what I'm saying is I'd totally bone him, if I could... but that's not ever going to be on the table."

"Merp?!"

"Ugh, I know, I'm not really making sense, but that's how it is, you know sometimes I can't help but think maybe if things had been different!" Steve stood up, his arms wrapped around his new found confidant, he paced the carpet stroking Billy's head and ears, and tickling is chin.

"Like what if when we'd met I hadn't been with Nancy? Or what if he hadn't just downed a shit ton of beer and been showing off to everyone? I mean he's super agro, like really bullshit macho, but he's smart too, and athletic, and I don't know..." Steve sighed and laid back on the bed still holding onto the cat.

"Sometimes I just want to grab him and say, let's pretend we've never met, 'hi, I'm Steve, welcome to Hawkins, let's shoot some hoops, or go bowling, or I don't know, drive up to Chicago and see a show,' and I know that's not real, like it can never be real, but I wish that, like all the god-damned time."

"Mmmmeow?"

"Maybe I better just call you Killer? It'd be kind of embarrassing if I have to call you inside the house and I'm standing on the porch yelling Billy's name."

"Meow..." Billy agreed it would be kind of weird for Steve to be yelling his name, but then again it would be kind of nice too, "Mrrrowp."

"Listen killer, what I'm telling you is top secret. Don't go blowing my cover and telling all the other cats, like Mews-Two or whatever. Actually, stay away from Dustin's place, cats don't have good luck there." Steve gently set Billy on the pillow, Billy walked along the pillows liking the give under his feet and the smooth cotton fabric. Steve took off his sneakers and tucked them under the bed.

"Do you think it's weird I have a thing for Hargrove? Do you think he'd laugh at me or beat me up, or maybe not in that order? I'm not saying I wouldn't fight back, I would, I might even win, next time... then again, maybe not. I don't want to fight him."

"...mew..." Billy frowned, or at least he tried to, he didn't want to fight Steve ever again, and he could see faint scars from their big fight, they were pale and nearly invisible on Steve's dumb face. Billy leaned forward and head butted Steve's cheek.

"I'm glad you get me." Steve gave the top of Billy's head a peck and laid back on the bed.

"Meow." Billy said plainly, meaning '*no, I don't, but I like you too, dummy*'. Billy rested his eyes, being a cat was exhausting. Fighting for his life one second and then listening to Steve babble about how much he liked him, well that part was kind of great, and maybe if he could he'd be smiling.

"Purrrrrrrrrrrr.rrrrrrr.rrr"

"Yeah, I like you too, this is pretty nice. I'm glad you feel content." Steve rested his eyes, he like the weight and heat of his new furry friend.

They cat napped together, both thinking of each other.

Part 6

Man or Beast

Marissa stood on the front lawn of the Harrington household, she'd managed to divine her way to Billy, using some strands of hair from his hairbrush that she'd found in the glove box of his car and a small branch shaped like a Y she'd cut from a dogwood tree. It had been a long dull walk but she'd finally pinpointed his location. She snapped the branch once she was certain it had served its purpose.

"Billy Hargrove." Marissa whispered, somewhere in that large home she could feel the boy stirring at his name.

"Billy Hargrove, you're more beast than boy in the eyes of some..." Her words came out in long suffering sighs, she closed her eyes, feeling Billy's hurts, feeling Steve's loneliness, they were much alike and it made her sad and also made her feel a little hopeful too.

"What shall it be? Would you be a man, burdened by knowledge and thought, troubled by matters of the heart? Would you be a cat, free and wild, hunting and stalking, seeing the world and beyond the veil with moon eyes? What shall it be?" She raised her palms to the house, a small buzzing sensation landed in her palms, it was merely an echo, a wave of Billy's energy and restlessness, his indecision and fears.

"Choose. Choose while you still can." Marissa clapped her palms together lightly, she didn't know what he'd decide, but she wasn't going to stand out there for the rest of the night, she was tired, it was a quarter to midnight and had to open the library first thing in the morning. She stretched her back and shook out her hands as she

made her long walk home.

Part 7

Kisses not Hisses

Billy was stretched out half asleep on Steve's chest. He knew he need to make a decision, a big one, like a life changing choice had to be made right then and there, but he was so tired, and he couldn't even remember what it was. He sighed, his brain was scrambled. How could anything really matter? It wasn't like he had any control over his life, not really. He lifted his head and saw Steve's sleeping face. His long thin lashes splayed down against his cheeks. His brows twitched lightly as if he were about to say something, but clearly he was dreaming.

"Harrington, I don't hate you, and after everything you said to night, I don't think I could ever hate you." Billy's voice was raspy he reached up with his paws, that looked a hell of a lot like hands and held Steve's face and kissed those perfect plump lips.

Steve awoke being kissed, it was the most amazing thing to wake up to, it was soft and soothing one second and then it felt as though a small fire has started at his lips and blazed all the way down, down, down, pooling in his stomach and flowing like lava lower still. Steve wrapped his arms around whoever was kissing him, he was deep in the twilight of sleeping and waking and in his dazed state all he could think was more, I need more and so he kissed and was kissed in return.

When their lips parted wetly and they both drew unsteady breaths the pair of them looked at each other in a mutual stunned silence.

"Did you say you don't hate me?" Steve blinked groggily, he hadn't recovered from that amazing kiss, but he was absolutely awake now.

"Yeah." Billy's voice was scratchy as if he'd been yelling all day, he wondered if it was from trying to talk to Steve or if he'd strained his

throat when he'd had his battle royale with that sociopath kid.

"Are you naked?" Steve's hands were on Billy's lower back and they inched a bit lower finding the crest of his cheeks.

"Yes." Billy pushed up on his elbows a bit, and yep. He was. He could feel *everything*.

"Am I dreaming?" Steve whispered the question, if he was dreaming he didn't want to wake up, if he was dreaming he NEVER wanted to wake up.

"I don't hate you." Billy said quickly, realizing that he could truly speak again and that he was no longer a cat, "I kind of like you, Harrington."

"That kiss was a bit of a give away." Steve, realized that Billy was naked in his arms, and that this was reality, he was not dreaming. He had no idea how this had happened, but it was the best thing that had ever happened to him in his entire life.

"Can we do that again?"

"What?" Billy looked at Steve, his eyes wide and nearing on something like innocent.

"Kiss." Steve smiled and let his hands drift a little lower over Billy's ass.

Billy answered the question with a kiss, slow and deep. He kissed Steve till the brunette moaned and coiled around him with his long strong limbs.

"How did this happen?" Steve mumbled into Billy's lips when the kiss broke.

"I think I got hexed."

"Don't get un-hexed." Steve dug his fingers into Billy's golden locks and pulled him into a fresh kiss, this time it was Billy who hummed with pleasure, his senses felt raw and ignited by Steve's every movement, the feel of his lips, his tongue, even the fabric of his

clothing drove Billy wild.

Steve rolled Billy on his back and reached between them, he closed his hand around Billy's cock and felt it stiffen at his touch. Billy grabbed hold of Steve's hand and brought it up to his mouth, he nipped at the flesh of Steve's palm between his thumb and index finger and then licked his palm and sucked on his thumb.

"That feels so good." Steve pressed his face into Billy's neck and gently nipped.

"Oh." Billy said softly, liking the feel of it, he licked Steve's palm again, and then guided his hand down.

"Now do it..." Billy said shyly, he was nervous, but pushed himself, "touch me again."

"Yes, yes..." Steve's voice was raw and soft, his dexterous fingers wrapped lightly around him, his palm damp with Billy's spit, slowly he squeezed and stroked Billy's already stiff cock.

"So good..." Steve rolled his erection against Billy's thigh still working Billy's cock, they rolled together pushing and nudging closer and closer.

Billy, with shaking fingers, unbuttoned and unzipped Steve's jeans.

"I've never been with a guy..." Steve confessed as he grabbed a hand full of curls at the base of Billy's neck and pulled him into a kiss. Billy kissed Steve with passion, he felt torn apart and rebuilt in that kiss and with those hungry hands touching him. When their lips parted Billy spoke without thinking.

"I don't want you to be with a guy, I just want you to be with me, I want you to be mine." Billy winced at his own words, he waited for Steve to laugh, or roll off the bed, or just say nothing and ignore what Billy had said.

"I'd like that." Steve rolled on top of Billy and worked his cock steadily, pumping his hips against Billy's, "I, yeah, I want that... to be, yours," Steve's breath was coming quick and short, he pulled roughly at Billy's hair and twisted his hips against his, Steve's cock was thick

and hot sliding against Billy's thigh. Steve's hand traveled down and gripped at Billy's balls and then slid up again over his cock, his finger tips grazing the head.

"*Shit.*" Billy hissed and jumped, his body jolted with pleasure. He came on Steve, and felt Steve spill on him hotly. Billy hesitated not knowing if Steve was going to roll off him, or tell him to get cleaned up, he felt himself freeze up, his heart started to knock in his chest.

"Are you okay?" Steve's voice was gentle, it had the same soothing tone as before when he'd been talking to Billy the cat.

"Yeah, yes."

"You felt a little tense."

"I'm fine." Billy meant it, he really did feel fine, he wasn't scared anymore, he didn't even care that he was out passed his curfew, he just felt good and safe in Steve's arms.

"Can you just stay here, my parents are out of town, just spend the night with me."

"Okay." Billy agreed, thinking how he never wanted to leave.

"Okay." Steve kissed his cheek and smiled against it, "This is seriously the weirdest and best moment of my life." Steve whispered. Billy laughed lightly, he felt the same but didn't know what to say.

"Are you sure you're okay?" Steve pressed.

"No, but I like this." Billy sighed.

"You like *this*?" Steve cuddled Billy, and squeezed him close, practically squishing him in his arms.

"I like *you*." Billy admitted.

"I like you too." Steve nibbled on Billy's ear making him duck his head and shiver.

"Okay, can we not talk for a bit?" Billy could feel himself blushing

furiously.

“Okay, but, where’s my cat?”

“I’m right here.”

Author's Note:

This has come from random conversations with I.M. Flippy aka FlippySpoon and yeah then it just happened. We both agreed that there are merits to either of these two dorks being transformed into a feline, but you know I had to choose only one because I'm too lazy to write them both. Thanks for reading and Happy Halloween!